

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No 1617—March 18, 1950

BLAZING THE YUKON TRAIL 3000-MILE JOURNEY IN SNOW-SHOES

ALTHOUGH the vast Yukon territory in north-west Canada is still largely virgin country where men rely on dog-sled and canoe for local journeys, it is now possible to cover long distances there by train and aeroplane, and, in summer, by steamboat on the great river. But those hardy pioneers who blazed the trail had to travel on snow-shoes and by canoe, without maps of any kind, not knowing what dangers lay ahead.

Such was the prospect that faced Robert Campbell of the Hudson's Bay Company just 100 years ago, as he waited patiently in the lonely settlement of Fort Selkirk to continue his exploration of the Yukon.

To enter the Yukon the traveller today takes a steamboat from Vancouver to Skagway in Alaska. A train which manages to keep its line open all the year round then takes him over the White Pass to Whitehorse, where the navigation of the Yukon begins. For the next 920 miles to Dawson City a steamboat plies along the river, connecting the small settlements and trading posts. Three hundred miles up river is Fort Selkirk, built in 1848 by Robert Campbell, a stalwart young Scot from Aberdeen.

Looking out from the rough doorway of Fort Selkirk early in 1850, Campbell knew that he and his friend James Stewart were the farthest west and the farthest north of all the adventurous men of the Hudson's Bay Company. But he had set his heart on knowing more of the great Yukon River.

He knew that the Pelly River he had discovered ten years earlier flowed into the Arctic Ocean. But was it part of the Yukon waterways system? No map had been made of the river, and all that Campbell had to guide him was a few scraps of paper which in the long winter evenings at Fort Selkirk he and Stewart had concocted of their knowledge and from hints that visiting Indians gave them.

LAND OF HONEY

AUSTRALIA is a land of strange contrasts. Trees lose their bark and keep their leaves, and the most insignificant of plants may have the loveliest flowers. But one species of tree with an odd habit has been responsible for the gathering of a bumper crop of honey.

In the southern part of Western Australia are large forests of tall karri trees which flower only every fourth year; but when they do flower properly it is for 12 months, and before last season began observers reported the signs of a good year.

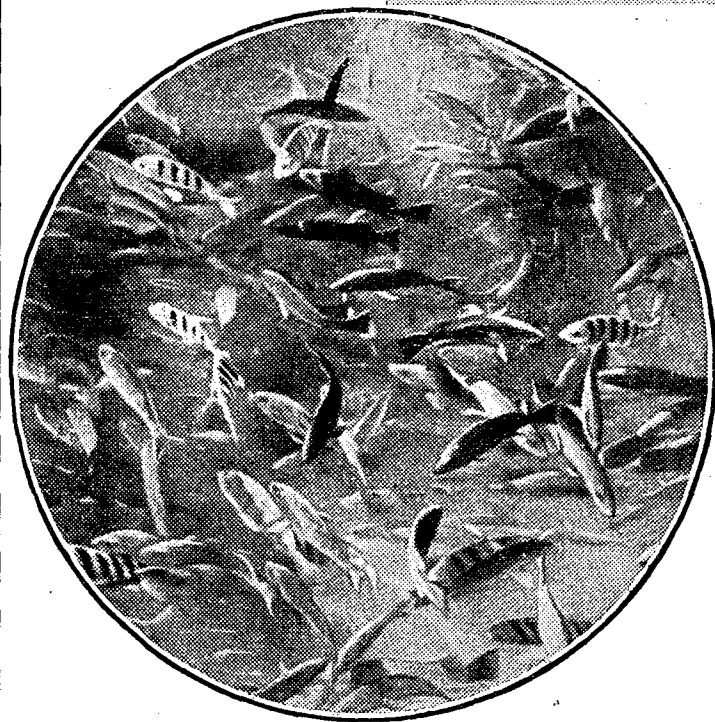
It was soon obvious that the blossom would be rich and valuable, and so good were the reports that apiarists in caravans came with their hives from the other side of the continent so that their bees could gather the precious honey from the West Australian trees. Soon nearly 14,000 hives were busy, and in the season honey worth about £500,000 was produced, much of which will be exported to England.

During this winter wait he prepared a boat and provisions and selected an Indian crew.

In late April 1850 Campbell saw the ice breaking up and started "down north." Traveling through wild and lovely scenery, he met Indian tribes who had never before seen a white man. Their weapons were bows and arrows, stone hatchets, and knives of bone; their cooking pots were made of closely-woven roots, and their method of boiling water was to put

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Crawling up the beach at Miami, Florida, is a submarine which moves along the sea-bed on its own tracks. It can be used for underwater photography, and the sort of view that might be obtained from one of its portholes is seen in the picture below.



Floating on the Mighty Amazon

NEAR the mouth of the River Amazon may be found today several large and up-to-date camps, accommodating parties of prospectors in search of petroleum. But these camps are on water, great numbers of

boats being used, some as sleeping quarters, others as canteens. The reason for these floating camps is that all transport in this part of Brazil has to be by water and it is impossible to set up camps on land.



A RIDE
ON THE
BED OF
THE SEA

JUST A PANE OF GLASS BUT A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY

A piece of ordinary window glass aroused much interest recently when it was put on view in Grahamstown in the Eastern Cape Province. It was a pane of glass simply inscribed with the letters J.D.R., the initials of Dr James David Ricards, but it forms a link with one of the most romantic and exciting periods in the history of South Africa—the discovery of diamonds.

The story goes back to the sixties of last century when a lovely stone was picked up in the veld near Hopetown by the Jacobs children. Nobody in the tiny village knew what the stone was, so it was carefully wrapped up and sent off to Dr William Atherstone of Grahamstown to be tested.

The gem reached the doctor's house at sundown, and any other man might have left the matter till morning. But not Dr Atherstone; he was so fired with enthusiasm that he immediately took the precious stone to a friend and neighbour, Dr James Ricards, a Catholic priest and a scientist.

It was too late for Dr Ricards to go to his laboratory, so taking the stone to the library, the two

men inspected it by candlelight. Dr Ricards said he believed it to be a diamond, and, unable to test his belief in any other way, he walked straight across to the window of his study and used the stone to inscribe his initials in clear, bold letters.

This, the first diamond known to have been picked up in the Union, was later sold at a fabulous figure and called "The Star of South Africa."

For many years the pane of glass with the inscription remained in position in the study window until one day its historic value was realised and it was removed and suitably framed. Today it still stands in the book-lined room which was once the study of Dr James Ricards.

Lifeboatmen For Liners

THE National Sea Training Schools have established a school for providing lifeboatmen for passenger ships. The school is at Queen's Dock, Glasgow, and its equipment includes a lifeboat. Davits have been erected at the quayside for training in launching a ship's lifeboat and boat management.

OIL IN TROUBLED WATERS

Why are the owners of motor-cars in this country still restricted in their supplies of petrol, though more oil is being produced in the world than ever? This is a question that is puzzling many of us, so we have asked an economic correspondent to explain the oil problem as it presents itself today.

BRITISH and American officials are today discussing in Washington the most important question of oil supplies. As far as can be seen, a solution to their respective problems is so difficult that it will not be found for some time.

Why is it that the oil business is now more tangled than ever before? Is there not enough oil to go round? Far from that. Official statistics say that whereas in 1938 the world output of oil was about 300 million tons a year the production in 1949 was just under 500 million. Yet, in spite of this vast increase, British motorists continue to be rationed very severely. With so much oil about it would appear natural simply to ask countries which have oil to sell us more of that precious commodity.

Our Dollar Problem

The truth is that this is far from easy. A glance at the map will show why. Most of the world's oil is being produced in the USA and South America (especially Venezuela) and if we wish to buy oil in these countries we have to pay dollars. This is the real difficulty. There is no need to stress how hard it is to obtain dollars nowadays.

Of course, we can buy some oil for pounds sterling, especially from the Middle East. But even this oil contains what is called a "dollar component," which means that at some time or other we who buy the oil must pay fees to an American engineer or to an American company for a service or machine which helped to bring that oil to the surface. And that, of

course, costs dollars. So if we wish to save dollars we must be very careful with oil all round.

Britain, however, is greatly expanding her oil-refining industry in order, by refining cheap sterling oil, to give us almost all the petrol our cars need, and many useful chemicals and by-products as well. This scheme has progressed so far that last December Britain announced her wish to replace some 3,800,000 tons of oil products from dollar sources with oil paid for by sterling. That alone would save some 50 to 60 million dollars a year.

A Blow to America

But the American oil companies did not like this important economy step. It meant they would lose sales of their products in this country worth some £20,000,000 each year. They fear, too, that the growing British oil refineries will soon be in a position to supply other dollar-starved countries in need of petroleum.

The Americans therefore suggested that if Britain cannot pay dollars for their products she should pay for them in sterling. This, of course, is not as simple as it sounds.

Fear is expressed that in the chain of business deals the pound sterling may somehow be converted into dollars because it is dollars, not pounds, which the Americans finally wish to have.

As we are naturally anxious to save dollars it is going to be difficult to reconcile the British and American points of view, though with good will all obstacles should eventually be overcome.

Saving the Trumpeter

THE most cheering bird news of the day comes from the New World, home of the noble-looking trumpeter swan.

Human hunters and hunger-pinched animals, such as that smallest of wolves, the coyote, had so reduced the numbers of these beautiful clarion-voiced birds that it was feared the remainder were doomed, and that the trumpeter swan was fated to follow other once-numerous birds, such as the passenger pigeon, into utter extinction.

However, when trumpeters were reduced to fewer than eighty all told in the United States, with figures but little better for Canada, the tide turned, and the species was saved.

The birds that survived were jealously guarded from injury or interference; they were allowed to multiply in the solitude of remote lakes and other still waters; they regained their strength, and it is estimated that trumpeter swans in America now number several thousand.

BLAZING THE YUKON TRAIL

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heated stones into the water, with the result, Campbell noted, "that the water is converted into a pretty thick soup—not with vegetables like Scotch broth, but with sand and ashes."

Passing the site of what is now Dawson City the voyagers crossed the Yukon-Alaska boundary—probably the first white men to do so. After another 300 miles of paddling Campbell came to the Porcupine River and the Fort Yukon of the Hudson's Bay Company. There he turned down the Porcupine River towards the Mackenzie River, proving that this wilderness of water and mountains could be linked by resolute men by boat and on foot.

Robert Campbell wrote his notes in the stern of the boat on the Mackenzie, and his letters, now in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company, reflect the movement of the boat in the jerkiness of the handwriting. From Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie Campbell struck eastwards across Canada to Montreal to report to the Company.

It was a 5000-mile trek, and 3000 miles of this Campbell did in snow-shoes. It had meant three years in the wilderness, and the news Campbell brought of a rich and virgin land is still considered an amazing record, even in the annals of a company whose story is packed with wonderful achievements.

Trees For the Fens

THE Smallholdings Committee of the Huntingdonshire County Council recently agreed to a scheme for planting trees on some of their holdings in the Fens. It is hoped that if this is practised on a fairly large scale it will help to stop the soil from being blown away.

At present, on dry days with high winds, the light soil is blown off the surface of the fields; it drifts in ditches and against hedges, and housewives find their homes powdered with the fine soil of the surrounding fields. When this happens in the spring not only is the soil blown away, but the seeds of onions and carrots, which are grown in large quantities, also disappear, and the ground has to be sown again.

There are comparatively few trees in the fenslands, and fields are separated by ditches, cut for drainage purposes, rather than by hedges. The countryside, therefore, has rather a bare appearance, and lines of well-grown trees, if they do nothing else, will certainly make the landscape more attractive.

Where Pocahontas Lies

ST GEORGE'S CHURCH, Gravesend, where the famous Red Indian Princess Pocahontas is buried, may be closed under a re-organisation scheme.

Pocahontas, in 1607, saved the life of John Smith, the leader of the Virginia pioneers, by interposing her head when her father's braves were about to strike him with their clubs. Six years later she married a tobacco planter, John Rolfe, and came to England, where she was presented at Court. She died in 1617 in a ship off Gravesend which was to have taken her home.

If the church is closed, its historic monuments will be kept in the tower, which will be preserved. Among these, presumably, will be the two windows commemorating Pocahontas, which were presented by the women of America.

Young Prizewinners

A BELGIAN girl and a Swiss boy have won the first prizes of 250 dollars each in the Unesco international essay and poster competition for boys and girls between 15 and 18. They are Simone Février of Belgium and André Bavd of Geneva.

Among the juniors—12 to 15 years—Millicent Chalmers of Australia wrote the best essay and Francine Jacobs of Belgium designed the best poster, winning 150 dollars each.

An Irish girl, Erithne McCusker of Omagh, was third in the junior essay competition, and another Irish girl, Anne Burns of Belfast, was third in the junior poster competition. Two senior Scottish pupils won fifth and sixth prizes for essays, and Marjorie Grant of Aberdeen was fifth in the junior poster competition.

The United Kingdom prizewinners will each receive 50 dollars, which may be spent on books and other educational material, or on travel abroad.

Have You Ordered Your CN?

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

ARMADA TREASURE

In Tobermory Bay in the Island of Mull, diving operations are being carried out to locate a Spanish Armada galleon. There is a tradition that the ship is the Florencia and contains great treasure.

Britain has agreed in principle to a Unesco proposal to abolish customs duties on books, newspapers, periodicals, printed music, paintings, sculpture, and cultural films.

A 20-ton block of grey granite, the largest single block ever quarried in Aberdeenshire, is being prepared in Aberdeen for an 18-foot memorial to the men of the 51st (Highland) Division. The memorial will be set up at St Valery.

Washington's 1500 trams are to be equipped with radio in spite of many protests. Passengers have argued that the radio will interfere with their reading and even their thinking.

Dunkirk Pilgrimage

Many yacht owners and others met on board H.Q.S. Wellington in London recently to make arrangements for a pilgrimage to Dunkirk on June 4. The Margate Council have also arranged to take hundreds of Dunkirk veterans there in the Royal Daffodil on May 31 for a civic reception.

Troop Leader Brian Smith, 17, of the 1st Portora Group, County Fermanagh, N Ireland, has been awarded the Scout Gilt Cross for his gallant attempt to rescue a boy from Lough Erne, Enniskillen, last October.



Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh are two of the 55 dolls to be seen in an exhibition in Regent Street, London. Made by Hedy and Isabelle Beck, the dolls show costumes from 1150 to the present day.

Fifty Chinese seamen recently flew from Singapore to London. They later joined the oil-tanker Gladys Moller in the Humber. They replaced another crew from the tanker who have flown back to China for leave.

A paper parcel containing 279 silver coins of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, and Charles II, found in the chimney of a cottage that was being taken down at Weymouth, has been declared treasure trove by a jury.

THEIR WAY OF LIFE

The Anglo-Brazilian Society are planning a scientific mission for the collection of information about family life in Brazil, later to form the basis of lectures in Britain.

Lifeboats saved 91 people off the coast of Britain in January and February.

The most modern factory in the Empire for canning pineapples has just been completed in Kenya. It is hoped that production will reach 20 million cans a year.

The population of Greater London is 8,391,000, a figure representing 17.9 per cent of the total in England and Wales.

Noble Lady

Mrs A. Wright, who has just died at the leper sanatorium in Kuamoto, devoted 50 years of her life to helping Japanese lepers.

Cities in Spain and Portugal are to see an exhibition of British ballet.

A fine programme of music will be performed at the Coram's Fields Children's Concert, Guilford Street, London, on March 25 at 11.15 a.m.

At the recent Leipzig Fair there was a working Diesel motor the size of a spectacle lens and weighing just over an ounce. A typewriter less than two inches high was also exhibited.

BOOTY?

To compensate council foremen and gangers for wear and tear on their boot leather, the Bermondsey Council have decided to pay them boot money at the rate of one penny an hour.

Australia is to spend £800,000,000 on a five-year development plan.

A hostel is to be built in Birmingham to accommodate thirty children who live on long-distance canal boats. The children will live at the hostel while attending local schools.

A helicopter passenger service between Cardiff and Liverpool is to begin on June 1. It will be Europe's first, and will be extended if successful.

Patrol Leader Alec McGutrie, 15, of the 2nd Monmouth (Lord Raglan's Own) Group, Monmouthshire, has been awarded the Cornwell Certificate for his fortitude in carrying on though lamed by infantile paralysis.

Tail of a Giant

The first of the three new Saunders-Roe Princess 140-ton flying-boats has received its huge tailplane, which is as big as the entire mainplane of an air liner. The giant flying boats, in each of whose hulls are 1569 square yards of metal plating, are being built at Cowes for B.O.A.C.

As a gift to General Smuts on his 80th birthday, May 24, the Cape Town City Council has given a site on Table Mountain on which a house is to be built for him.

During the Festival of Britain the Yacht Racing Association is to hold a series of regattas. The main event will be an international race round the Isle of Wight, for which the King has offered an award to be known as the Britannia Cup.

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FIRST MAP OF THE UNIVERSE.

ASTRONOMERS at Mount Palomar Observatory in California are going ahead with a gigantic map of the known universe. It will be plotted and reduced to paper—as far, that is, as the mysterious universe can be set down on paper.

Section by section, stars and galaxies will be photographically recorded, and the prints used to make blocks which the printer can handle. Section by section the vast mysteries of the universe will deliver up their secrets, and the result will be a record which

will be valid for at least a hundred years.

Curiously enough, it is not the 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar which will undertake the mapping of the universe, but another telescope with a wider view of the heavens which has been found more suitable for this purpose.

The results of this ambitious project will be available to all who care to invest in a set of the finished pictures. But the price will be rather high—considerably more than a hundred pounds.



OLDEST HUMAN BEING?

AN old man in Azerbaijan, named Mahmud Eyvasov, claims that he will shortly celebrate his 140th birthday.

He lives in a mountain village where he is still able to do a little work on his farm. Living in the same village are 118 of his descendants—children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren.

WILDFIRE

ALL the speed and excitement of a fire brigade going to a fire was reversed not long ago in a Massachusetts town, where the firemen quietly waited while the fire itself came tearing along to reach them and be put out.

The fire was in a goods train, and the brigade had been warned by phone from a distance to be ready for the burning train when it reached their town.

SINGAPORE TO THE FORE

A UNITED NATIONS health expert, Dr Jal Bulsara, visited Singapore recently to study the social welfare arrangements there; he was so impressed by what he saw that he considers Singapore may well become a model for other Asian countries.

Dr Bulsara, who is touring the Far East giving advice on social matters, describes Singapore as an "important laboratory" for the type of work. He is particularly interested in the five-year health plan, the children's social centres, the boys' clubs, and the way the authorities are dealing with offenders.

SCOTLAND'S FARM HORSE

THE annual Clydesdale Horse Shows and Sales are now being held in various parts of Scotland. The Clydesdale is the Scottish breed of farm horse, and its name is derived from the old name for the county of Lanark, the breed having been established in the 18th century by farmers holding land in the Clyde Valley.

In Scotland, Ireland, and the North of England the Clydesdale is the most popular form of farm horse. It can be distinguished from other breeds by its walk, the swinging of its hindquarters having been likened to a Scotsman swinging his kilt. The horses are big, being nearly six feet high, and, although not the strongest breed, are noted for their speed and agility.

RESOURCE AND REWARD

A gold watch was presented to a railwayman by British Railways at Darlington recently for his resource in preventing what might have been a serious accident.

He is Mr S. Raw, of Cowton, Yorkshire. When travelling by train and gazing out of the window he saw pieces of wood strewn across the opposite track. He knew that if a train hit these it might be derailed—but how was he to prevent it? He thought quickly, scribbled a note and threw it out of the window to some men working on the line. They were able to get the wood removed just in time before an express train passed.

PRIZE DAY FOR PARENTS

"SORRY, John; I can't come out. I promised to stay in and help Dad with his homework."

Such a remark might well be heard in West Wickham during the next two weeks, for March 28 is Prize-Giving Day at Hawes Down School—but it is the parents not the pupils who will be receiving awards.

The headmaster invited parents to take part in a talent competition, the subjects ranging from handicrafts to music and recitation. Over 200 parents have agreed to give a display of their talents, and on March 28 the winners will march up to the platform under the proud eyes of their children to receive prizes.

CROSS-CHANNEL HIKERS

YOUTH hostellers going to the Continent for their holidays this summer will be able to cross the Channel in their own "Youth Ship."

This is an 80-foot boat chartered by the Youth Hostels Association (England and Wales) for July and August. The boat will ply daily between Dover and Calais, and the return fare will be fifty shillings—bicycle included.

Water Skiers

Skimming over the water in the wake of a motor-boat, these two young Americans find water skiing the best of all thrills.

A PEEP AT OLD CARTHAGE

RECENT observations from the air have led to the identification of the outer fortifications of ancient Carthage.

Polybius, the Greek historian who was present at the destruction of Carthage in 146 B.C., recorded that there were a palisade and ditch in front of the city wall. Flying over the site of the ancient city, General Duval, recently Commander-in-Chief in Tunisia, noticed a green band across the isthmus that joins it to the mainland. Examination revealed a ditch 60 feet wide, and the remains of a band of tufa blocks, 9 or 12 feet wide, in which were post holes arranged in groups of five. Behind was another ditch about 15 feet wide.

HIGHLAND LORE RECORDED

THE University of Edinburgh, with money provided by the Carnegie Trust, is making a study of the dialects and oral traditions of Scotland.

A shooting-brake has been converted into a recording van and successful expeditions have already been made to various parts of the Highlands. Facilities have been provided for the storage and indexing of recorded and written material, which will eventually be made available to interested students. The study of oral traditions is of vital importance to a number of departments, including those dealing with linguistics, anthropology, history, literature, and music.

HERO'S VOICE

CHILDREN of St Thomas's School, Fulham, are able to hear the inspiring voice of one of their heroic old boys—his speech on a gramophone record, which he made before he was killed in the First World War.

He was Sergeant Edward Dwyer V.C. who, at the age of 16, pretended he was older to join the Army. He won the V.C. at Hill 60 for driving away the enemy and helping the wounded under fire. Later he made a recruiting speech which was recorded. The record is now the property of Fulham Libraries.

COCK ROBIN IN A FAINT

TWO writers to The Times recently have described small birds fainting—and being revived.

Mr T. E. B. Clarke wrote about a robin that fainted and fell off the roof of a stand at a race-course not long ago. It was caught by a spectator who thought it was dead, but after a few seconds Cock Robin "came to" and flew away.

Mr John Ramage wrote that during the last 30 years he had seen about six small birds of passage faint in flight and fall to the ground. After being gently held head downwards for a few minutes they too revived and flew away.

MILLIONS WELL SPENT

BECAUSE the Government helps some Scottish students to pay their fees at universities, the funds of a Trust set up for that purpose are no longer required.

This is the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland which, since it was founded in 1901, has helped 58,704 young Scots to pay their fees at universities, and has thus paid out £2,373,665.

The Trust is now considering how its funds shall be used in future.

THEIR SECOND LANGUAGE

SINCE the end of the war more countries than ever have become eager to teach their school-children the English language and to make them familiar with the British way of life. There is, however, a real lack of suitable books in many countries, and the native teachers themselves often confess that their English is out of date.

To help to meet these difficulties the University of London Press has started to publish a monthly newspaper called English Illustrated. So far, the editions are designed for the boys and girls of Scandinavia, where English is now foreign language No. 1. It is hoped, however, to produce editions adapted to the needs of other lands.

Concentrating as it does on introducing our country and our way of life today to our friends overseas, English Illustrated is propaganda of the best kind.



Whistling For All They Are Worth

Benjamin Britten's new Spring Symphony calls for a choir of whistlers, and what better whistlers could one ask for than these London schoolboys here seen practising for a performance?

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 CRAVEN HILL tells of some newcomers at London Zoo, including . . .

Brumas, the Baby Polar Bear

LONDON Zoo has taken special precautions to safeguard its baby female polar bear, Brumas, from accident. Now over four months old, little Brumas—easily the most popular baby the Zoo has had since the war—is, like most babies, venturesome, and lately, when playing around her mother, Ivy, on the Mappin Terraces, has sometimes come perilously near the edge of the deep dyke which separates the enclosure from the public corridor. The authorities have accordingly had a net of thin wire fixed five feet up from the bottom of the dyke.

"Should Brumas take a tumble now, she could come to no harm," Headkeeper Bruce Smith told me. "The net will catch her and we could quickly rescue her."

Owing to the cold and damp, Brumas was rather late in making her first public appearances. But, at the time of writing, she is doing remarkably well, is about as big as a five-month-old chow puppy, and has the whitest of coats. Incidentally, she recently presented officials with a new kind of problem. For the first time in the Society's history, they had, when valuing the collection, to assess the value of this, their first "home-bred" polar bear cub. Brumas has now been entered on the books at £200—the same figure as that accorded to a mature polar bear.

Two tiny frogs have presented the London Zoo with something of a problem. The frogs arrived recently by air as a gift from Mrs J. E. Risdon, of Plantation Diamond, Demerara, British Guiana. And their identification has "flummoxed" the experts, although they are obviously a type of tree-frog.

"They are a bright jade colour, with a lovely 'bloom' on the skin," Mr J. W. Lester, curator of reptiles, pointed out to me. "And their bodies are semi-transparent. When viewed with the light behind them, one can clearly see the bones and digestive organs—it's quite uncanny." The "mystery" frogs, which are at present living on palm fronds in a small vivarium in the laboratory, are feeding well on small sand-flies, and are no mean jumpers. They can cover two feet at a bound.

ANOTHER new arrival at the Zoo is a sea-bird whose black-and-white plumage and general appearance is strangely reminiscent of a penguin. It is a "willock," or young guillemot, sent to the collection by Mr Charles Hill, of Ramsgate, whose wife had found it lying helpless on the beach.

The guillemot is now in an aviary and has already come to associate the keeper with its dinner, for it waits for him at the aviary gate, to be hand-fed

on large quantities of roach and gudgeon.

"It makes an interesting exhibit," one official commented to me. "Guillemots usually keep too far out to sea to be known to the average landsman. As a rule, the only time the birds resort to land is during the breeding season, when vast numbers of them assemble on cliffs or rock-stacks, on the ledges of which they lay their eggs."

FINALLY, there is Jinks, an incredibly small and dainty monkey, just bought by the Zoo from Mrs Yearsley, of Harefield, Middlesex. Mrs Yearsley had seen this animal in a pet shop window, looking at her so appealingly that she did what many other women have done before, in similar circumstances—went in and bought it. Mrs Yearsley, however, soon began to regret her purchase, for the monkey made such a nuisance of itself, upsetting crockery and climbing up curtains. So, at length, she could stand it no longer and took her pet to the Zoo.

Then the Zoo got a surprise. Mr C. S. Webb, curator of mammals, found the animal to be a Talapoin monkey, a species found only in the Belgian Congo, and so rare that, as he told me, "We haven't been able to get the species in 20 years." So the Zoo bought Jinks "over the counter."

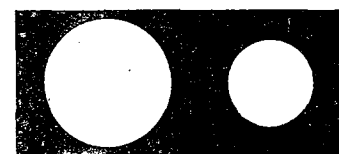
MARS AT HIS NEAREST

By the C.N. Astronomer

THE planet Mars will be at his nearest to the Earth on Thursday, March 23, and therefore will appear at his brightest.

He will then be 60,690,000 miles away, and may be easily recognised by being the brightest object in the south-east sky of an evening, and also by his golden hue. The star-map which appeared in the C.N. for February 18 will ensure identification of the planet.

If he came as close to us as our Moon a splendid and most



Comparative sizes of Sun as seen from the Earth (left) and from Mars (right)

interesting sight would adorn the night sky. Being 4200 miles in diameter, Mars would appear nearly twice the width that the Moon does, a sphere covered with a wealth of detail, singularly geographical in appearance. We should see features like islands, seas, estuaries, capes, bays, isthmuses, and continents covered with numerous markings, most of them permanent or periodically recurring.

There would also be visible a network of greyish streaks extending across the continents from sea to sea, or what appear to be water areas. They were once regarded as canals or water channels, but are now con-

sidered to be fertile strips extending across the reddish-tinted desert areas of the Martian continents. These areas are extensive, covering almost half the planet's surface, and give Mars his distinctive orange tint. As with most Martian features, they vary with the seasons.

There are, however, no mountains comparable with our Alps, Himalayas, or Andes, though there are highlands or plateaus on which the winter snow and ice linger as the Martian spring advances into the Polar regions. These snow or ice caps surrounding the Poles are of great extent in the Martian winter, and may be upwards of 3000 miles across. They constitute the most striking feature on his disc with their white brilliance.

It is now summertime in the Northern Hemisphere of Mars, so his northern Polar regions and ice cap are tilted toward the Earth. It may now be seen, but much reduced in size by summer temperatures, and is only about 200 miles in diameter.

A Chilly World

How fascinating it would be to see all this with the naked eye if only Mars came as near as our Moon, and to see the constant change as Mars rotated once in every 24 hours, 37 minutes, 28 seconds.

It would be lovely to look upon but not agreeable to visit, were such a thing ever possible. We should find even summertime cold, particularly at night, while winter would be beyond endurance.

The Martian year has 23 of our months in it, and it brings very great variations in temperature, particularly in the planet's southern hemisphere, owing to the vast difference of some 26 million miles between the aphelion and perihelion distances from the sun.

Another circumstance making Mars a very chilly world compared with ours is his average distance of 141,500,000 miles from the Sun, which results in Mars receiving only .43 of the average amount of heat and light received by the Earth. The drawing shows how much smaller the Sun appears, on average, as seen from Mars, compared with the Earth.

Another problem for visitors would be the tenuity of the planet's atmosphere, which is like that experienced at a height of between five and ten miles above the Earth's surface. However, there are very few clouds on Mars.

G. F. M.

KANO CALICO

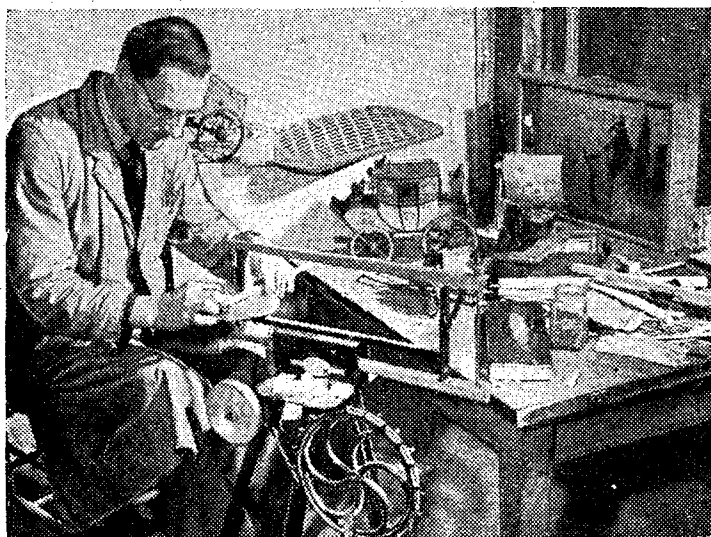
A new experiment in weaving is taking place at Kano in the Northern Provinces of Nigeria.

Although there is a long tradition of hand-loom weaving in Kano, power looms have never been used and there has been no factory production. Now a weaving shed with 50 looms has been erected, and production will soon begin of plain calicoes which will be dyed locally.

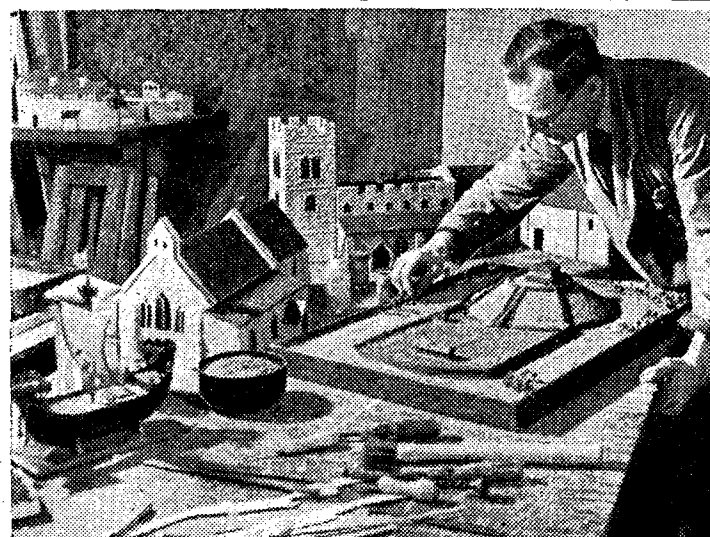
Cotton is grown in Nigeria, but the yarn will have to be imported for, so far, there are no facilities for spinning there.

A number of successful traders have put money into this productive enterprise by forming the Kano Citizens' Trading Company with a capital of £50,000.

MODELS FROM THE LENDING-MUSEUM



Working on some of the models in the museum workshop

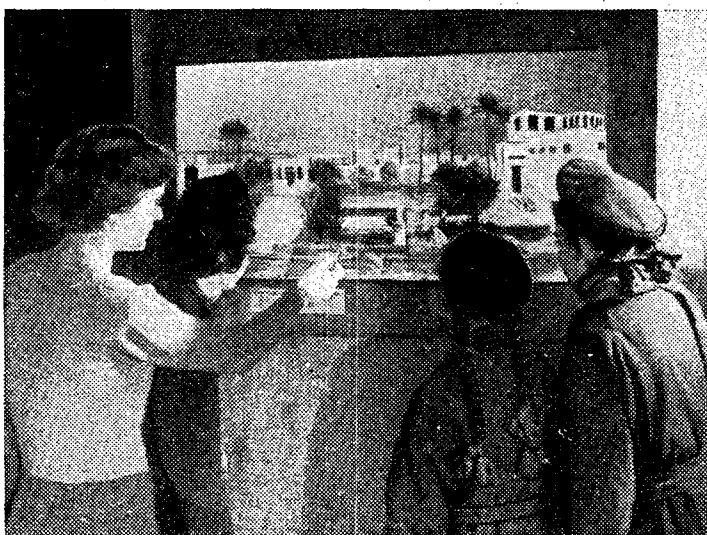


Putting the finishing touches to the model of an ancient fort

THESE pictures show models of ancient buildings being prepared at Bruce Castle Museum, Tottenham, London, to be lent out to schools through the Museum's visual-aid lending scheme. We are all familiar with the lending-library; Bruce Castle is a lending-museum.

The Museum lends to schools many objects and pictures to illustrate history, geography, and science lessons, and the collection available for loan includes over 100 models, about 6000 natural history specimens, and 10,000 pictures. The Middlesex County Council has made a grant of £750 to the Museum to help it to expand its scheme.

Bruce Castle Museum stands on the site of a castle where, it is believed, Robert Bruce of Scotland lived as a young man, leaving it on his revolt against England, whose king then seized it.



Visitors are shown an Egyptian nobleman's garden

After many alterations Bruce Castle became a school at which Rowland Hill, the originator of the Penny Post, was a master. Appropriately, the Museum has among its possessions a unique collection illustrating the story of the Post Office from the 14th century to a working model of a Post Office mail train. There is also a surveyor's wheel which, early in the 18th century, was pushed along the roads to find the right charge to be made for the delivery of a letter when payment was so much a mile.

In the Children's Room are dainty models of Alice meeting the Cheshire Cat, the Dormouse asleep at the tea-party, the White Rabbit with his watch, and other charming figures; but these are too fragile to be lent.

Lucky are the boys and girls whose lessons are brought to life by such interesting material.

The Children's Newspaper, March 18, 1950

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS—Alan Ivimey visits Dover to talk with . . .

THE HARBOUR MASTER

IT was a grey day of February with a promise of high wind to come when I called at the handsome office of the Dover Harbour Board and asked for the Harbour Master, Captain R. W. Cooke. Harbour House forms part of a newly-painted terrace of stately Regency houses and faces a beach and the 660 acres of the Outer Harbour.

The first thing I noticed was a fine panelled entrance hall with panels showing the Chairmen from 1606 to the present and including the names of William Pitt and the Duke of Wellington. There was also a painting of Charles II landing at Dover at the Restoration, and the ship's bell of the monitor Glatton which caught fire in the Harbour in 1918 and had to be torpedoed to save her blowing up, and half Dover with her.

I OWNED up at once that I'd always rather wondered what exactly it was that a Harbour Master did.

"Come outside and I'll show you," said he; and we set off in his car, for the harbour is more than three miles round. Past the terrace we ran through a guarded gateway and along under the steep chalk cliffs, with Dover Castle at the top. Then we turned seaward along the Eastern Arm and at last reached the signal station overlooking the harbour entrance, 220 yards wide, which faces east towards the perilous Goodwin Sands.

We climbed up some winding wooden stairs and entered a little room with windows looking harbourwards and seawards, a desk, a seat or two, and an iron coal-stove. From here all ships entering or leaving are controlled.

Two Port Signalmen are always on duty, working 24-hour watches. Captain Cooke explained that permission for vessels to enter is given by hoisting two "distant" signals on a flagstaff. They look rather like big red pine-cones and are made of basketwork. Permission to leave is signalled by three similar basket shapes hoisted to form a triangle. People's lives may depend on every ship obeying, and in the summer anything may arrive, from a Portuguese tramp to a couple of Dutch lads all the way from Holland in a canoe.

SEA-GOING ships have to carry a pilot before they can enter, and berthing instructions are given from this room through a Loud Hailer. Its trumpet is turned in the right direction by a spindle going right through the roof and ending in a wheel near the ceiling. With a favourable wind the signalman's voice can be heard over a mile away.

Between three and four thousand ships enter and leave every year, and instructions they get as to which pier and berth to steer for, or just where to anchor in the outer harbour, have to be right because the Harbour Master would be responsible if any misdirection should cause damage.

We could see a big tanker alongside the Prince of Wales Pier, which forms one arm of the Inner Harbour, and joined by the Dock Master, Captain F. J. Hopgood (George Medal and DSC), we set off towards her round the harbour again. On

the way the Harbour Master told me about some of the different sides of his job.

"Much of my time is spent at my desk," he said, "attending to the administration side of my department. Even when I get home there's a telephone by my bedside.

"The Harbour Board employs nearly three hundred people, some to carry out care and maintenance of the quays and buildings under the Harbour Engineer, others as crane-drivers, as a diver's crew, and, of course, there are the tug crews, dredgers, and a sounding boat to be manned, for we are always testing our depth of water to check up on silting. However, I'm glad to say that even with the strong scour of tide we get through our harbour, the fairway remains clear of silt. Then I also have a general administrative staff and Accounts Section to deal with.

WE ran along, past the uniformed gate inspector again, and Captain Cooke explained that the Customs officials expect the Harbour Board to be responsible that no unauthorised person enters or leaves by the shore entrances. All the gate inspectors, by the way, are sworn in as Special Constables.

Dover's main business, of course, is the cross-Channel services. Their number varies with the seasons, but in the summer there are twelve services daily to Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend, of which seven are British. The train ferry service, by which you can sit in the train all the way between Paris and London (I did a trip with one of its engine drivers for you last year), operates from the specially-constructed Train Ferry Dock.

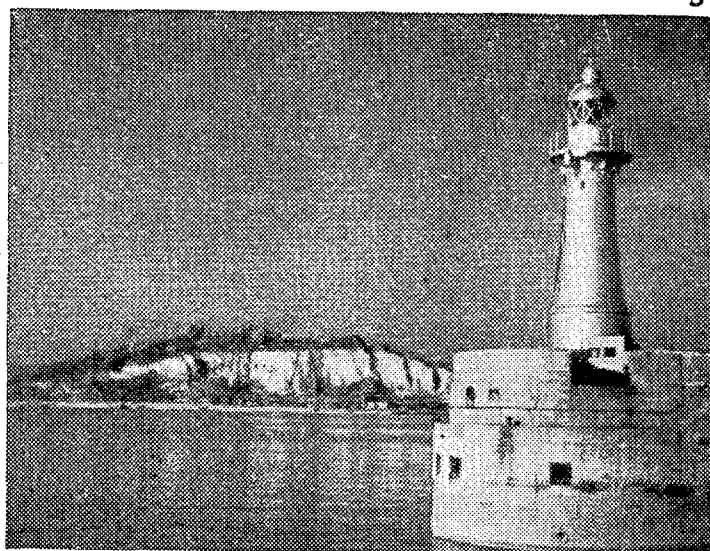
By the time he had told me this we were running down the Prince of Wales Pier, nearly 1000 yards long, to where the 10,000-ton tanker Kaldfonn, from Stavanger, flew the Norwegian flag. She had just arrived from

Rotterdam and was taking in stores on her way to Curaçao, in the West Indies. Part of the Harbour Master's job is to visit the Masters of ships and also receive them in his office, and, on such occasions, he is representing his country and is judged accordingly.

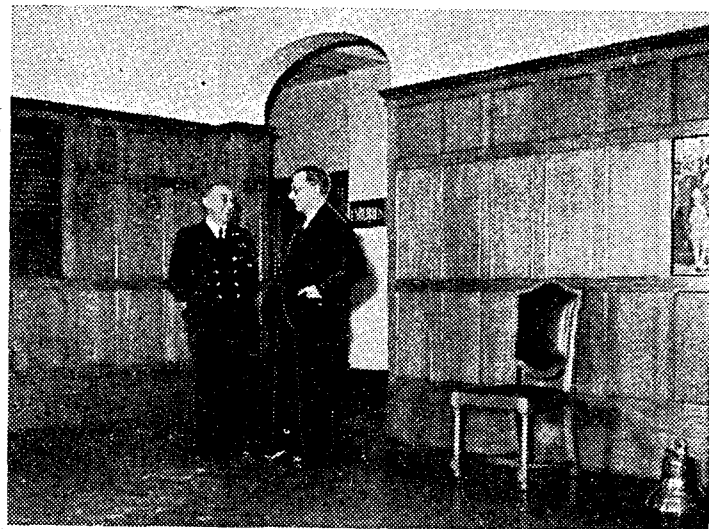
A big steam travelling-crane had been hoisting stores aboard. This is just one of the services the Harbour offers and advertises to shipping of all nations, and the Harbour Master must see that they are always available and efficient. One such service is to maintain a supply of fresh water from the town mains to various hydrants along the quaysides. Another service is that of the Harbour tugs. One of these, the famous Lady Brassey, lay, just opposite the tanker, on the other side of the pier. Dock Master Captain Hopgood used to command her, and she has rescued many a ship from the grip of the Goodwin Sands.

DOVER is a busy port, as well as a cross-Channel harbour, and last year over 400,000 tons of goods passed through it as well as 74,000 cars on the car ferry service. Besides Inner and Outer Harbours, Captain Cooke has a train ferry dock and three other docks as well to look after. The Train Ferry Dock is operated by British Railways. A quick turn-round is one of the things to be aimed at, and all Channel steamers have an extra rudder in the bows so that they can come in stern first and be ready to get away again with as little delay as possible.

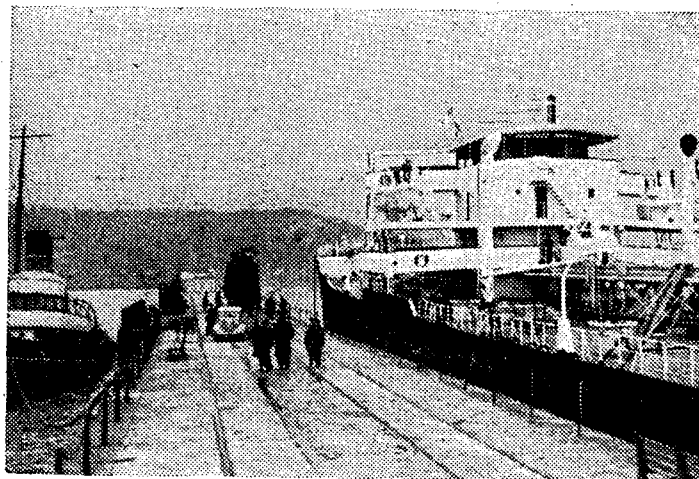
Harbour Masters, Captain Cooke told me, are advertised for in shipping papers when a vacancy occurs. Candidates for this job must all hold Master's Tickets. Captain Cooke himself had over 20 years in foreign-going ships and was Harbour Master at Sunderland before taking over at Dover in 1944. It's a very responsible job—but he wouldn't have any other.



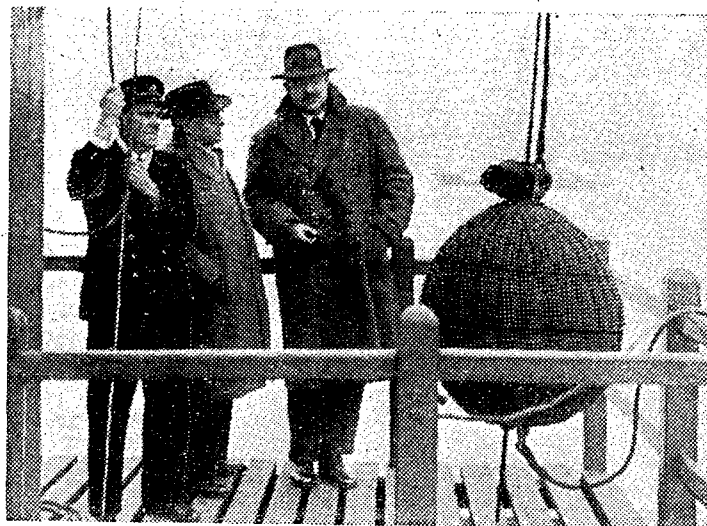
The lighthouse at the entrance to Dover Harbour



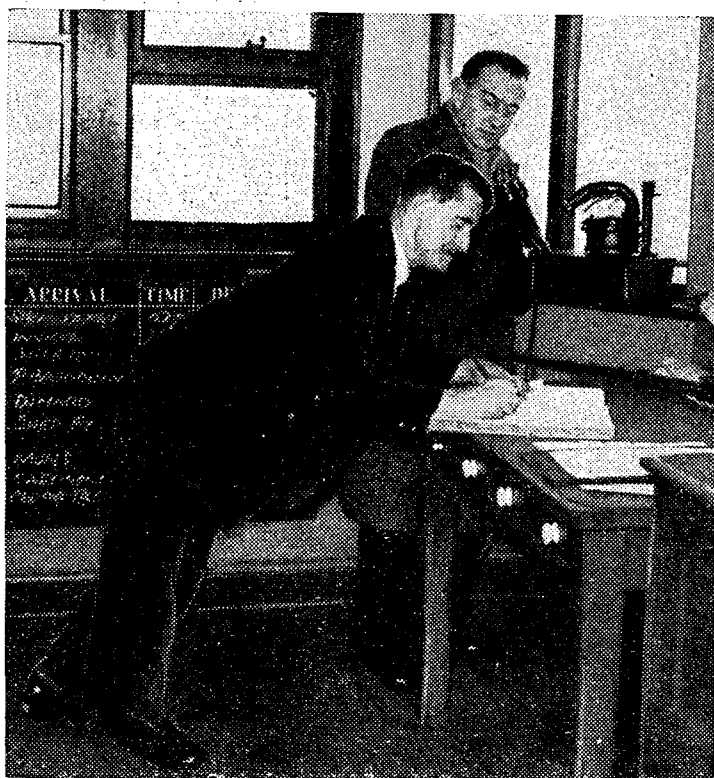
In the Entrance Hall at Harbour House



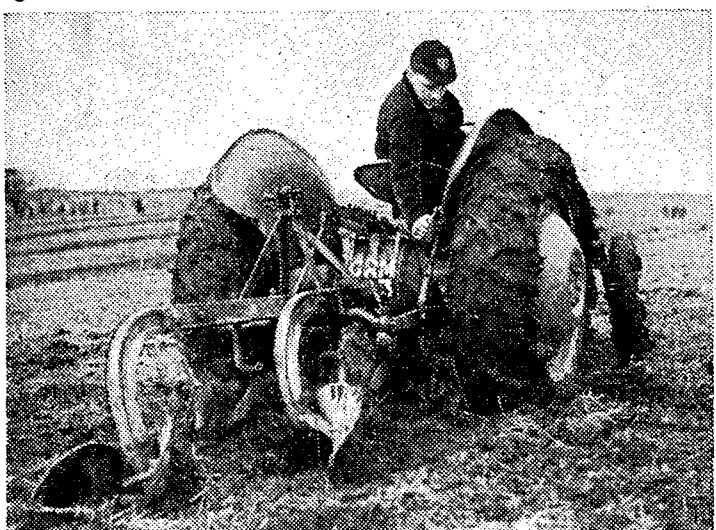
A Norwegian tanker berthed by the pier



Captain Cooke and Alan Ivimey see the "permission to enter" signal being hoisted



The Harbour Master watches one of the Port Signalmen entering a ship's departure in the log



To be a Farmer's Boy

Twelve-year-old John Yeouwart, of Ulgill Farm, How Gate, Cumberland, drives his tractor in a ploughing match. John was the youngest competitor.

A Career on the Railways

THERE are about six times as many people working for the railways as there are in the crowd at Wembley on Cup Final day, and recruits are constantly needed to keep this force up to strength.

Young people joining it are now given a booklet called *British Railways Welcome You*, which tells something of the vast system they will serve, and is enriched by amusing sketches by R. S. Sherriffs.

It tells them, for example, that if the steam locomotives of British Railways were stood head to tail they would stretch nearly as far as from London to Cardiff.

The new rails used every year would, if placed end to end, stretch like a ribbon from London to New York.

The yearly supply of new sleepers, placed end to end, would

make a plank stretching from London to Calcutta, or, placed side by side, would make a wooden roadway from London to Dundee.

The total distance run by the locomotives in a year is equal to about 21,500 times round the Earth.

The number of passenger journeys over our railways in a year is equal to about 20 journeys by every man, woman, and child in the country.

The booklet goes on to give the recruit useful advice about his prospects in the railway service. It emphasises that keenness is the secret of "getting on," and that there are many interesting jobs.

For the leisure hours British Railways have their sports clubs, dramatic societies, fur and feather societies, boxing clubs, and so on.

BIRD-SCARING TIME

FARMERS are now sowing their spring crops, and, as usual, are experimenting with various methods for keeping hungry birds away from the newly-sown fields; it is estimated that rooks alone devoured more than 50,000 tons of corn last year.

One popular bird-scaring device is a series of squibs tied to a length of rope and hung up in the centre of a field. The rope is lit, and as it smoulders the squibs explode at pre-arranged intervals according to the distance between the squibs. The device can be very effective, provided the reports go off at irregular intervals, but farmers' wives often complain that the sudden noise frightens them as much as the birds.

Model windmills and similar devices are used frequently, but

sometimes they attract birds rather than drive them away. Hundreds of farmers still set up scarecrows in the middle of the fields and hope for the best; but figures that make neither noise nor movement do not frighten birds away for long.

There is clearly need for an inexpensive and effective bird-scarer, and scientists are busy trying to solve the problem. The Air Ministry, for instance, is carrying out experiments with high-pitched vibrations of about 30,000 cycles per second, sounds well outside the range of the human ear.

These sound experiments are still in their infancy, but experts believe that in this way it may be possible to scare all birds away from big areas.

Magpies Escape Eviction

FOR a long time magpies have worried Australia's Postal Department linesmen by building their nests on poles and setting up short circuits on telephone wires.

On a section of the Melbourne-Adelaide trunk route near Bur-rumbeet magpies have caused from 40 to 50 interruptions in a season. The C.N. told last year how linesmen installed wire skeleton nests where the nesting birds would be clear of the wires

Now, however, the linesmen have discovered a simpler method of preventing short circuits caused by nesting magpies. They merely varnish the lines on top of the crossbars and for about a foot on each side. The varnish insulates the wires so that the magpies may now retain their place without causing trouble.

This method was used in the nesting season just finished and there were only two interruptions due to short circuits.

ANCIENT RIGHTS

THE admirable scheme afoot for re-mapping all our footpaths and rights-of-way will greatly depend upon the memory of old people. Many of them remember routes that once were open to all but are now closed; and in the absence of written documents or charts the authorities will act upon the information given by veterans.

The task here is trifling compared with that which had to be faced by the authorities in New Zealand some years ago, when the Maoris had to show by what right they occupied the land where the officials found them, and so have their title made good.

How could points be decided among people who had never signed or seen a deed? However, the Maoris, truthful and honourable people, also have wonderful memories; so the British decided to accept the sworn statements of Maori witnesses as to tales of land transactions that had been handed on from generation to generation in the family, up to some four or five generations before.

The facts as they were revealed and accepted and written down were thus embodied in legal documents for the first time, and any Maori challenged afterwards about his rights to the land he occupied could proudly produce his title deeds.

American Art on View

THE Tate Gallery has a fascinating exhibition of American folk art, representative of what is called the "Index of American design."

This index is an official record of examples of popular art in America from before 1700 until 1900 which were in danger of being lost, and consists of copies in water-colours of furniture, ceramics, glass, metalwork, textiles, and costumes.

The Tate Gallery's exhibits, typical of the scope of the Index, are objects borrowed from the National Gallery of Art, Washington.

Blowing Hard



Miss Trixie Davis of Tilbury gets a quick lesson on the big bass tuba before taking part in a brass band championship.

The Editor's Table

CONSCIENCE THE TRUE GUIDE

"THIS above all: to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man," said Shakespeare's Polonius, and this truth was well expressed recently by Mr Acheson, American Secretary of State, when his policy was criticised.

"One must be true to the things by which one lives," he said. "Counsels of discretion and cowardice are appealing. The safe course is to avoid situations which are disagreeable and dangerous. Such a course might get one by on an issue of the moment but it has bitter and evil consequences. In the long days and years which stretch beyond that moment of decision one must live with one's self."

"The consequences of living with a decision which one knows has sprung from timidity and cowardice go to the roots of one's life. It is not merely a question of peace of mind, although that is vital; it is a matter of integrity of character."

THE SHIPS—AND THE MEN

ONE of the most cheerful pieces of news comes from the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom and declares that Britain has a merchant fleet as big as she had in 1939.

This is a remarkable achievement of owners, builders, and seamen. More than half of Britain's merchant ships went to the bottom during the war, but now, four and a half years afterwards, the loss has been made good.

Britain's ships carry the vital exports and imports on which the life of the nation depends. On all the Seven Seas, in big ships and little ships, the Red Ensign flies as the proud emblem of trade and commerce; and it is not the size of the ship that matters, but the spirit of the men who sail her.

SAFETY WEEK

NEXT week, from March 19 to 25, is Children's Safety Week, when great efforts are to be made to remind us all of this year's campaign to save the lives of children on the roads of Britain.

Young people can make the Week a national demonstration of road safety, by setting an example to grown-ups and to juniors of how to adjust themselves to the traffic conditions of today.

It is so easily done: unfailing kerb drill, ensuring that our bicycle is in good order, helping the younger children.

Let us show the world next week that youth, at any rate, is learning to check the useless sacrifice of life on the roads.

Australia Looks Forward

THE people of Australia are looking forward with great eagerness to the visit of the King, the Queen, and Princess Margaret early in 1952. Our fellow subjects "down under" were naturally disappointed at the postponement of the Royal visit caused originally by the King's illness, and again by the fact that the Festival of Britain in 1951 had prior claim on the Royal Family's time and duties, but they understood, as we knew they would,

There is no doubt, writes a C.N. correspondent in Australia, that when King George the Sixth, Queen Elizabeth, and Princess Margaret come, among the townsmen and bushmen, not to mention the women and children of Australia, it will put a hallmark on this Dominion's profound devotion to the Crown to "the Old Country," as Britain is affectionately called, and to the causes of British-loving Freedom, and the British way of life.

Such is the power for good of Freedom's Monarchy.

Specialist

WE passed a bootmender's shop just as a signwriter had finished painting the legend *High-Class Footwear Repair Specialist*.

Our greetings to the good cobbler, and we are sure he is not a snob in the derisive meaning of that word. We regret, however, that he has followed the example of those who invent such preposterous titles as rodent operative and beautician.

For new things we must need find new names. But the simple familiar words are best—the always have been.

The Influence of a Child

A CHILD softens and purifies the heart, warming it and melting it by its gentle presence; enriches the soul by new feeling and awakens within it what favourable to virtue.

Thomas Binney

Under the

SOME people cannot bear to be kept in the dark. Others make light of it.

MODERN artists have a sense of social responsibility, says a writer. Pity they haven't always a sense of art.

MOTORISTS should not give timid signals. They may make horns shy.



A SMALL boy at a party of cakes. And wasn't fed up.

THINGS SAID

THE spirit of Parliament is always the same—service to the people and representation of the people. *The Speaker*

WE do not want party manoeuvres at this hour; we want patriotism and a realistic understanding of the world situation. *The Dean of St Paul's*

SMOKING sends up the pulse by about ten beats a minute, and it can produce irregularities in the heart-beats.

Professor F. A. E. Crew

TODAY men are as keen as women on studying home-craft books and magazines dealing with domestic life.

Vice-Chairman of Leeds Libraries Committee

—♦—

Century of Education

A HUNDRED years ago *The Times*, dealing with education, could say that the British labourer in those days knew nothing beyond his field or his workshop.

"To him literature, science, and art—the progressive history and the accumulated discoveries of several thousand years, are as if they had never been," said *The Times* in 1850. "If he is old enough to remember George IV, he may possibly be shrewd enough to conclude that there was also a George I, but beyond that he knows nothing; and, in general, if he were informed by a gentleman that George I was established in this kingdom by Caesar, or Alexander, or Abraham, he would swallow it without the smallest hesitation, just as he would any other absurdity in history or science."

A century of patient progress has swept away that dark mass of helpless, pathetic ignorance.

—♦—

JUST AN IDEA

As *Charles Dickens* wrote, *To be young this is a world for action; not for moping and brooding in.*

Editor's Table

PETER PUCK

WANTS TO KNOW

If workmen who get slack try to burn it



A CHICKEN farmer says there are not so many poachers as were used to be. People prefer their eggs boiled.

BALD men are not always clever. Although they come out on top.

RECORDS are being broken in milk production. And bottles.

MODERN music teachers believe in starting early. Want to beat time.

Simnel Story

NEXT Sunday, the fourth Sunday in Lent (Mid-Lent), is also known as Simnel Sunday or Mothering Sunday in various parts of the country.

Mothering Sunday signifies the day when children away from home return to visit their parents. In the days of hired labour the farm and household servants were always given leave of absence on this day, and among the gifts they always took home were a bunch of flowers and a Simnel Cake. These cakes are still much in evidence, particularly in the West of England and in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

VARIOUS theories surround the name Simnel. One school of thought holds that it comes from the Latin *Simila* (fine flour); others think it is derived from *Siminellum Domenicum*, meaning the very finest bread.

Yet another suggestion is that as the father of Lambert Simnel—the Pretender to the Throne in Henry VII's reign—was a baker, he was probably also the first maker of Simnels. An even more picturesque theory, long current in Shropshire, concerns an old couple named Simon and Nell, who always gathered their children about them at Eastertide.

NELL, a thrifty soul, having some unleavened dough, used for the bread during Lent, thought it would be a good idea to make a family cake with the dough as basis. Simon agreed, but said that as there was also some Christmas Pudding left, this might form the interior—a tasty and agreeable surprise for the young people.

When the cake was mixed a difference of opinion arose: Simon contended that it should be boiled, and Nell that it should be baked! Words led to blows. Nell threw a wooden stool at Simon; he retaliated with a broom! At last, in a spirit of compromise, Nell and Simon agreed that the cake should be "boiled first and then baked."

THE big pot was placed on the fire, and stool and broom used as fuel for the oven. Some eggs, also broken in the fight, were used to coat the outside of the pudding and give it the shiny gloss it possessed as a cake.

Thus did Simon and Nell's cake take shape and perpetuate the names of a devoted couple who quarrelled—and compromised.

FIRST BREATH OF SPRING

It is the first mild day of March; Each minute sweeter than before,

The redbreast sings from the tall larch

That stands beside our door.

William Wordsworth

For the People

GOVERNMENT is a trust, and the officers of a government are trustees; and both the trust and trustees are created for the benefit of the people.

Henry Clay

Unpopular Mr Owl

IN Kensington Gardens the other afternoon tits were chattering, jays were screaming, and other birds were joining in a noisy chorus; and the cause of it all was a tawny owl perched on the boughs of a tree not far from the Round Pond.

The owl may have been hungry, for it is unusual for them to venture out in daylight at this season of the year; but the smaller birds did not like it. Though not often attacked by tawny owls, they always shriek and scream and shout whenever these bigger birds—about 15 inches long—come near.

The loudest protests come from the blackbirds; Yorkshire people used to call them "the policemen of the hedgerows," for they always give the alarm when tawny owls or cats approach. The robins are always noisy, and so are the tits; but occasionally



worse noise comes from the jays, gaudy members of the crow family who have become rather more common in the London parks in recent years.

When a tawny owl in Sussex was killed by colliding with a passing car, the finder of the unfortunate bird placed it on his bird table; at once the blackbirds, tits, chaffinches, and robins appeared, to shout and storm with fury until the bird was buried.

Some people believe that tawny owls are blind in daylight; but they often fly between the branches, even in the brightest sunlight, and can sometimes be seen hunting in daylight, especially when hungry young are in the nests. This is surely proof that though bright light may dazzle them, they can always see fairly well.

Secret Hiding-Place

Tawny owls normally spend the hours of daylight perched against the trunk high in some Scots pine or broad-leaved tree. They seem to sleep there in the strongest winds, hanging on to the branch by the grip of their powerful talons. Soon after sunset they leave their secret hiding-place and begin the hunt for food; they can often be seen sweeping low above the hedgerows seeking rats, mice, and similar prey.

At night their "Hoo-hoo-hoo" call in long, mournful notes can be heard, often with an answering "kewick-kewick" from the female owl. Their cries can sometimes be heard in daylight, too, though their calls are then strangely feeble and hoarse. They build no nest, laying two or four or five white eggs in some hole in a tree.

Tawny owls have grown more abundant in recent years both in the villages and suburbs of some towns. Gardeners and farmers may well feel glad, for they destroy many vermin.

PIONEER PATHFINDER

It is less than half-a-century since the Wright biplane first struggled into the air, but today air routes stretch across the world like a giant spider's web, connecting every continent and almost every country. One of the men who made this possible was Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith.

In "Smithy" (recently published by the Oxford University Press at six shillings) his story has been told by John Stannage, who flew with him on many of his pioneering flights.

Born at Brisbane, Australia, in 1897, Smithy began his flying career as a fighter pilot during the 1914-1918 War. While on patrol in France his plane was riddled by nearly two hundred bullets, and he was badly wounded in the foot.

That experience might have been enough for some men; but Smithy had tasted the thrill of flying, and he was never to get it out of his blood.

After the war he earned a living by giving joy-rides in converted fighter planes, and stunt flying in California for American movies. Then, wishing to return to Australia, the idea came to him that he would fly there. Unable to get any support for his "crazy venture," he was forced to go home by sea. But he still dreamed of flying the Pacific.

Southern Cross

The chance of fulfilment came at last after he had broken the round-Australia record. Smithy returned to America with two companions and bought a trimotor Fokker. They called it the Southern Cross.

On May 31, 1928, the Southern Cross took off from Oakland, California, on the first flight across the Pacific. They reached Hawaii, and then the Fijis, and thought that their troubles were over. But on the last lap of their journey they flew into a tropical rainstorm. For four hours they battled with the elements. "There were times when the combined strength of Smithy and Ulm was necessary to drag the Southern Cross back on to an even keel." But she came through proudly.

In Australia they had a tremendous ovation; but Smithy was not one to rest on his laurels, and after making the first non-stop flight across Australia he set out to cross the Tasman Sea to New Zealand. Again they flew into a storm, ice formed thickly on the wings and lightning put their radio out of action. "A small spark and that

five hundred gallons of petrol would send them sky-rocketing in a chaos of flying debris." But again they made it.

In April 1929 on the first stage of a flight to England, Smithy and his crew were forced down in the Australian bush. "There was plenty of water," though "muddy and brackish," but "some souvenir hunters" had stolen their emergency rations before they took off. By the fourth day they were living on a diet of boiled snails.

First Round the World

It was twelve days before they were found; but in June they were off again. This time they reached London safely, in the record time of 12 days 18 hours. "Today 62 hours is the scheduled time for a regular service over the same route."

By flying from London to Oakland, U.S.A., Smithy became the first man to fly round the world. Twice he broke the record for a solo flight from England to Australia. Then, in 1934, he made the first flight from Sydney to San Francisco.

A year later, in an attempt on the England-Australia record, Smithy was killed.

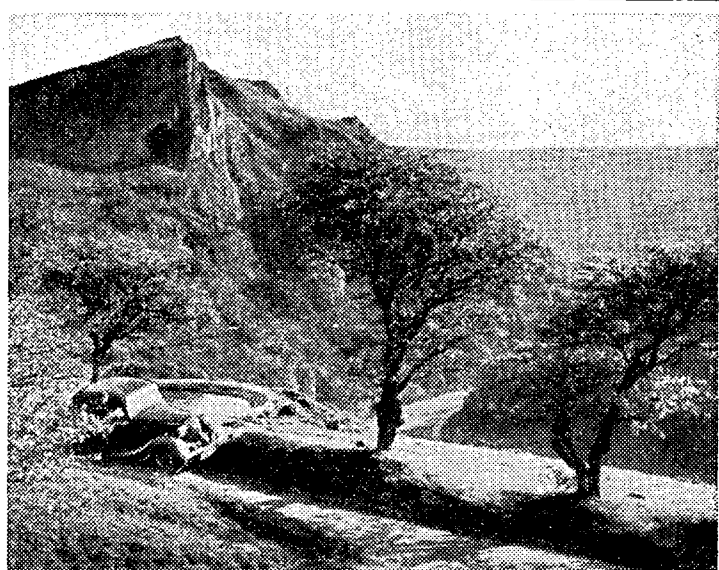
"Implacably stubborn when it came to flying," Smithy had flown once too often; but he had done as much as any man to master the air.

Links With Handel

ONE of Cheshire's most historic houses is to be open to the public during the summer months. It is Adlington Hall, home of the Legh family for nearly seven centuries.

In the 15th-century banqueting hall is an organ installed under the supervision of Handel, and there also is a manuscript of a hunting song by Handel, with words by Charles Legh, the composer's host.

The north-east corner and the east wing of Adlington Hall, picturesque with black and white timbering, date from Elizabethan times. The north front of dark brick was added a few years later, and the rest is Georgian.



OUR HOMELAND

r's Cave, in the Manifold
Staffordshire

Einstein Writes Another Chapter AN ORDERED UNIVERSE?

IF we are inclined to look with some distaste at the slab of Algebra given us for homework, we might feel encouraged at the thought that here is one of the roads leading to an understanding of Einstein's Theory of Relativity, a matter to which young people of today will probably give more trained attention than a rather bewildered older generation has done.

Meanwhile, the great scientific genius of our times is not idly waiting for us to catch him up. He has just published another appendix to his famous work, *The Meaning of Relativity*.

This appendix—called Appendix Two—is a chapter of 14 printed pages containing 28 mathematical formulae, and it represents 30 years of work.

Professor Einstein has been trying to discover a connection between two great cosmic forces, those of electro-magnetism and gravitation, and to link these with knowledge of the nuclear forces of the atom, so that a new conception of an orderly universe may be formed.

For he strives to show that this is an ordered universe, and not a chaotic affair brought about by blind chance.

WHERE WESLEY BEGAN

THE President of the Methodist Conference has launched a scheme to preserve Hanham Mount, at Kingswood, just outside Bristol. On this rough hillock John Wesley learned the art of open-air speaking. "On the mount at the end of this path," so reads the inscription on Hanham Mount, "George Whitefield and John Wesley preached their earliest open-air sermons in A.D. 1793."

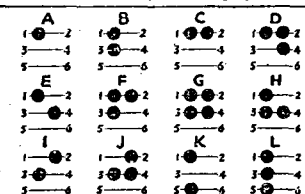
Here Wesley rekindled the flame of vital religion in England. Now a beacon is to rise on the Mount as a symbol of what Wesley did, and as a challenge to the preachers of today.



As a child in France, Louis Braille was playing in his father's saddlery shop, punching holes in leather when the awl slipped, piercing one eye so severely that he lost the sight of both.

Pioneers 24. LOUIS BRAILLE, who made a new alphabet

Braille grew up to be a splendid organist and a leading teacher of the Blind. His whole life was devoted to fellow-sufferers, and finally, the memory of the awl-punches he once made in play gave him an idea.



Braille was only 20 when he presented the Blind with a new "alphabet." It was a code of letter-symbols, each formed by a separate arrangement of raised dots—such as an awl makes when jabbed half-way through leather.



By passing sensitive fingertips over the dot-symbols and mastering the code, blind people have been able to read books specially printed in Braille. It was a wonderful invention, and gives much joy to those who live in darkness.

ROBERT STEPHENSON'S GREAT IRON BOX

THIS month marks the centenary of one of the greatest engineering feats of the 19th century—the building of the Britannia Bridge which carries the railway over the Menai Straits and links Carnarvon with Anglesey.

The bridge, 1500 feet long, was the first great bridge to be built of wrought iron in this country, and it embodied an entirely new system of construction.

Its designer, Robert Stephenson, was the famous son of a famous father—George Stephenson, the railway pioneer. Born

at Willington near Newcastle in 1803, Robert Stephenson learnt the rudiments of engineering from his father, and indeed was engaged with him on the construction of the famous Rocket. When he was 30 Robert became Chief Engineer for the construction of the London and Birmingham Railway. But he is chiefly remembered for the magnificent Menai Bridge and the difficulties he overcame in its construction, although the High Level Bridge at Newcastle and the Victoria Bridge at Montreal are other worthy examples of his great skill.

The Britannia Bridge is really two huge tubes of square section, spanning the Straits and resting on massive columns of masonry. During its erection it was necessary to ensure that the passage of shipping was not impeded, and to avoid obstruction the use of scaffolding over the central span was prohibited. The problem was to get the gigantic tubular sections into position and erected on the supporting columns without the use of scaffolding. Prefabrication was Stephenson's way out of the difficulty.

Two tubes, 500 yards long and built in four sections, were assembled on dry land. When ready the sections were floated by pontoons to the site. By manoeuvring the boats into position at high tide and then waiting for low water, the sec-

tions were guided into grooves cut in the piers. Later, powerful winches were used to haul the sections some hundred feet higher into their final positions where they were bolted together.

When completed the bridge resembled two parallel box girders through which the railway was carried.

The last rivets of the first tube were driven in by Stephenson on March 5, 1850, and on that day a heavy test train passed over the bridge. On March 18 the bridge was opened for traffic and the first passenger train crossed.

The Adaptable Desk

A new kind of school desk is suggested in a recent Ministry of Education booklet. The idea is for a pupil's table which could be used not only for ordinary lessons, but also as a dining-table, and for library work, and various light craft-work.

The booklet, *Building Bulletin No 2* (Stationery Office, 2s), contains many other proposals for economising space in new schools. One of these is that practical activities, usually carried on in separate rooms, could well go on in the classrooms if more facilities such as a sink and a workbench were provided.

Scout Story A NICE PIECE OF DEDUCTION

THE skill of a native tracker named Kangasa is described in *The African Scout*, the journal of the Northern Rhodesia African Scouts.

Kangasa was out one day with a young white man when they came to a hillside where the grass was all bent down in one direction and stained slightly red. "Look," said Kangasa, "some wild pigs passed this way yesterday afternoon at about half-past two," and he added that they were a boar, a sow, and three little ones, who had come from the other side of Chinyaji River. "How on earth do you know all that?" asked the white man.

Kangasa showed him the hoofmarks of the boar, the sow, and three little pigs. He recalled that it had rained heavily the previous afternoon, and that there were a few drops of water in the hoofmarks. "The rain would have washed their hoofmarks away if they had passed before it started," he said; "so they must have passed just before it stopped—at about half-past two. The only red clay here is on the other side of the Chinyaji River. The pigs must have got it on their bodies and some of it came off on the wet grass."

That is the sort of skill the young African Scouts aim at. Their paper tells us there are 2968 of them registered in Northern Rhodesia.

G.B.S. LAST

MONOUX GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Walthamstow, was recently the scene of a "balloon discussion" between 40 pupils.

A "balloon discussion" supposes that a number of famous people are taken up in a balloon, and have to be dropped overboard one by one to enable the balloon to stay in the air. Of course, the most interesting personalities, in the view of the debaters, are the last to go.

The last two people left in the balloon were Cleopatra and George Bernard Shaw. Then Cleopatra dropped to earth.

TREASURE ISLAND—R. L. Stevenson's Famous Adventure Story Told in Pictures



When Jim saw Hands pick up the dirk, he knew the pirate intended to kill him. But he felt sure the man would not attempt this until they had safely beached the ship, for Hands wanted to join the other pirates. When Jim came back on deck with the wine Hands had asked for, the man pretended to be terribly ill, but he said the tide had turned, and they could now enter the inlet where they intended to run the ship ashore.



Hands, an excellent pilot, told Jim how to sail into the inlet and, as the land closed around them, he pointed out a convenient beach for running the *Hispaniola* harmlessly aground. "There's a pet bit for to beach a ship in," he said. "Fine flat sand, trees all round it."



Jim pushed the tiller hard over to turn the ship sharply towards the beach. He leaned over the side, so absorbed by his work that for the moment he forgot the murderous intentions of the pirate as he watched the ripples spreading from the bows.



Some instinct warned him to look round, and he leapt sideways. He was only saved by the tiller swinging back and stopping Hands. Jim drew his pistol but the powder was wet with sea-water and would not fire. He felt like a hunted animal.



Then the ship struck the soft sand and heeled over on its side. Jim and Hands were thrown into the scuppers in a heap. Jim was the first on his feet, and he swarmed up the shrouds. Hands was close to him and his dirk struck not half a foot below Jim's shoe.



Jim sat on the "top" and swiftly changed the powder in his pistols. Hands began painfully hauling himself up the shrouds. "One more step and I'll blow your brains out!" cried Jim. At that the other spoke humbly: "Jim, we'll have to sign articles." Jim listened triumphantly, but in a breath the pirate's hand went back, his dirk sang through the air, and pinned Jim by his shoulder to the mast.

Is Jim, up there on his perilous perch, badly wounded? See next week's instalment

The Children's Newspaper, March 18, 1950

A tale of Canadian life—In three parts



MORGAN OF THE MOUNTIES

Told by Frank S. Pepper

2. TROUBLE IN HEMLOCK VALLEY

Corporal Tim Morgan of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is in charge of the thinly-populated area round the Hemlock Valley post. Tim's young friend Little Joe Jones has a fine collie dog named Rex. One day Corporal Tim returns to the post to find his sergeant waiting. "You've got to have Rex destroyed," orders the sergeant.

"I TELL you I won't do it!" cried Corporal Tim Morgan angrily. "Me kill Little Joe's dog? Why should I? What harm did that dog ever do anyone?"

Defiantly he faced Sergeant Harding from headquarters.

"The dog's been making trouble," insisted the sergeant.

"I don't believe it," retorted Corporal Tim.

He swung round as he heard the sound of a horseman approaching the Mountie post at Hemlock Valley, where he was in sole charge.

"Here's Sam Hollins, the man who made the complaint," grunted the sergeant. "Let him explain it."

SAM HOLLINS came clumping up the steps, scowling at Tim.

"I rode out to see what you're doing about that tarnationed dog!" he growled.

"What's the dog supposed to have done?" asked Tim.

"Supposed to have done—it's what he did! He's been after my chickens—killed twenty last night!"

"I can't believe it! He wouldn't do a thing like that—not Rex!" protested the corporal. "What makes you so sure it was Rex?"

"I saw the brute on my place last night—saw it with my own eyes! If I'd had a gun with me I'd have shot it."

"About what time was this?" Corporal Tim asked quietly.

"About half after eleven!" grunted Sam Hollins.

"Kinda dark, wasn't it, to be able to swear to the identity of a stray dog?" Tim demanded.

"What are you getting at?" stormed Sam Hollins. "You're supposed to be the law around here, aren't you? I'm a taxpayer—I demand me rights!"

"You'll get 'em," promised Corporal Tim. "But don't forget the law looks after dogs, too. We're not condemning Rex without proper proof."

Sam Hollins began to splutter angrily.

Corporal Tim watched him quietly, waiting for the anger to subside.

SINGLE-HANDED, the corporal policed the whole area around the Hemlock Valley post. He knew everyone in his territory, knew all their little squabbles, their troubles, their joys.

When Sam grew quiet the corporal spoke.

"You and the Widow Jones don't hit it off very well, do you,

Sam?" he asked. "You wanted her to sell you that place down by the creek, and when she stood up to you it made you plenty sore."

Sam looked furious.

"Are you trying to say that I'm making this up out of spite?" he demanded.

"Of course not," answered the corporal gently. "But are you sure that it wasn't because of feeling the way you do about Widow Jones and Little Joe that when you saw a stray dog on your place you jumped to the conclusion it was Rex?"

Sergeant Harding intervened.

"All this is getting us nowhere. It's up to you, Corporal Morgan, to find out for certain whether this dog is a killer. If it is you know what you have to do. You can report to me at headquarters."

"I'll work on it right away," promised Corporal Tim.

HE climbed into his car and drove down to the creek. At the sound of the car Little Joe came racing out of the cabin, with Rex bounding at his heels. Seeing the Mountie, Rex let out a joyful bark of welcome, leaped into the car and landed heavily in his lap.

"Whoa there!" gasped Corporal Tim. "Haul him off, Joe!"

The corporal fought his way out of the car, the dog still jumping all over him. Little Joe looked at him with an eager, excited expression.

Normally the corporal only visited the creek twice a day, to collect Little Joe to take him to school and to bring him home again. An extra visit was so rare that it suggested something exciting.

"What's happened, Tim?" asked Little Joe. "Are you on the trail of a killer? Have we got a bad man hiding out in the woods?"

"In a way, I guess," nodded the corporal. "Joe, where was Rex last night?"

£750 NATIONAL HANDWRITING TEST

SCHOOLBOYS and girls entering for the great CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER Handwriting Test should make sure that their Entry Forms are handed to teachers without delay so that they may be sent in. Time is getting short, and if you have still to complete your effort, remember that the closing date is March 31.

As already stated, there will be Cash Prizes for both Schools and Pupils besides a host of other awards. Moreover, there will be Ten Thousand Awards of Merit as well. Teachers are especially requested to note that when returned each completed entry is to be sent as part of the school's total entry, in accordance with the rules printed on the Entry Forms.

"Why, right here, where he always is."

"Are you sure of that? Does he sleep in the house?"

"Gee, no. He's got a barrel out in the yard."

"Let's take a look," suggested Corporal Tim. "Fetch me a strong rope, Joe."

LITTLE JOE'S mother came out. "Is anything wrong, Corporal Morgan?" she asked.

"There's been a little trouble over to the Hollins' place," Corporal Tim said guardedly.

"What's that old villain been saying about us now?" exclaimed Joe's mother indignantly.

"A lot of his chickens are being killed, nights. He figures a dog is doing it."

Little Joe had returned with the rope. He let out an angry cry.

"It couldn't have been Rex! You're not thinking it was Rex, are you, Tim?"

"Have I said so?" asked Corporal Tim kindly. "I'm just going to tie him up for the night, that's all, so that we can be dead sure he doesn't get himself into any trouble."

CORPORAL TIM was having his breakfast next morning when Sam Hollins came storming into the post.

"That dog's been at it again! I lost another twenty chickens last night!" he roared. "This is ruining me. I don't care if those people are friends of yours! I know my rights! I demand that you get rid of that murdering dog!"

"Sam, I hope to prove to you very soon that Rex is innocent," Corporal Tim assured him. "I have to go down to the creek with the car to bring Little Joe to school. I'd like you to come with me. I want to show you something."

SAM HOLLINS willingly agreed to go along. Widow Jones looked angrily suspicious when she saw him getting out of the car.

"It's all right, ma'm! We just want to take a look at Rex," said Corporal Tim.

He led the way round to the back of the cabin. Then he halted with a gasp of dismay. The barrel was empty! The frayed end of the rope dangled, chewed through. Rex was gone!

Little Joe shouted the dog's name aloud in dismay.

"There it is!" cried Sam Hollins.

The dog came slinking in through the rails of the fence looking slightly ashamed of itself. Patches of hair had been pulled from its coat, its legs were cut and scratched, a dark stain matted the hair round its jaws. Corporal Tim made a grab and caught hold of the dog.

Sam Hollins uttered a triumphant shout.

"There's blood on him!" he cried. "Now what have you got to say?"

"It isn't true—it isn't true!" protested Little Joe. "Rex hasn't done anything wrong!"

"Guess I'll have to take Rex back to the post and hold him for a few days," Corporal Tim declared unhappily.

"You mean he's being arrested!" gasped Little Joe.

"Kind of," muttered Tim.

"This is sheer nonsense!" stormed Sam Hollins. "That dog has got to be shot right away! I know my rights!"

Continued on page 10

Brilliant England centre-forward, the 'wisest head in Soccer'...

Tommy Lawton

SAYS



"Here's how I cross roads..."

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- 2 Eyes—RIGHT.
- 3 Eyes—LEFT.
- 4 Glance again—RIGHT.
- 5 If all clear—QUICK MARCH.

Quite calm, no running and dodging, because I wait for a proper gap in the traffic first.

"If you misjudge things in Soccer—well, you're very seldom hurt, anyway. But if you take chances in traffic, and a car or lorry charges you, you may be killed. And the same accident may kill other people. So watch your step, be a good Road Navigator, and cross all streets the Kerb Drill way."

T. Lawton

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

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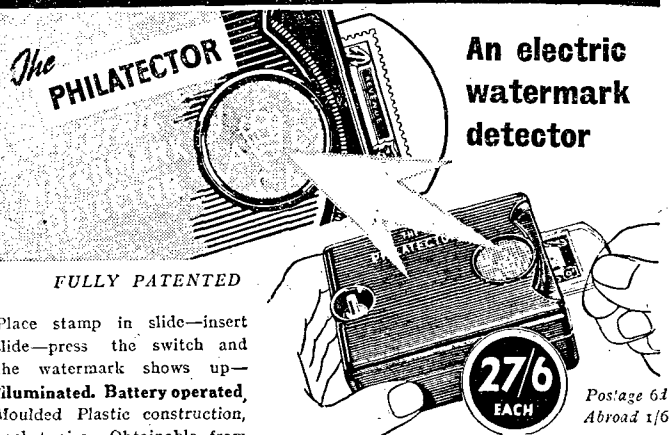
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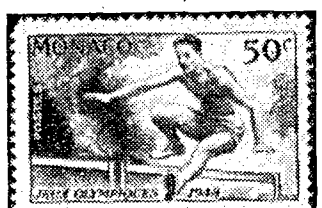


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MORGAN OF THE MOUNTIES

Continued from page 9

"The dog has rights, too," retorted Corporal Tim. "He hasn't been found guilty yet."

"Isn't that blood evidence enough?" demanded Sam Hollins. "The varmint is a killer!!"

"We'll see," answered Tim. "We'll know for sure by tomorrow evening. You all come to the post then, and we'll thrash this out."

CORPORAL TIM led Rex towards the car. Little Joe ran beside him and caught at his sleeve.

"Nothing's really going to happen to Rex, is it?" he pleaded. "It'll be all right?"

"So long as he hasn't done anything he shouldn't," Corporal Tim answered evasively.

Back at the post Corporal Tim took a pair of scissors and cut a tuft of the matted, stained hairs from Rex's jaw. He wrapped the hairs carefully, put them in an envelope and addressed it. He looked at the dog, which was watching him with bright-eyed interest.

"Boy, I sure hope this comes off!" Tim told him. "This is your last chance."

Rex sat down and thumped the floor with his tail.

THE following afternoon Little Joe didn't go home from school. He waited at the post until his mother arrived. Then Sam Hollins rode up, glaring at them both as he stumped into the post.

"Well, Corporal Morgan, are we going to have some justice over this dog?" growled Sam.

"Any minute now!" answered Tim, and as he spoke his telephone rang.

"Corporal Morgan here," he answered. "You did? Fine! Thanks a lot! Let me have that in writing later." He hung up and turned to the waiting three. "There's no evidence against Rex."

Little Joe uttered a triumphant cry. Sam Hollins scowled.

"This is crazy! Why, those bloodstains on his mouth—"

"I sent some to headquarters for analysis. I still don't know what the stuff was. But it wasn't chicken's blood. You can take Rex home, Joe."

"It's outrageous!" stormed Hollins. "You'll hear more of this, Corporal Morgan. If I can't get justice from the Mounties I'll have my own law! I'll be watching with a shotgun tonight, and if that dog shows up I'll kill him!"

CORPORAL TIM watched with mixed feelings as his visitors left. Although he had saved Rex for the time being the case wasn't closed yet. If Rex hadn't killed the chickens, who had?

He went to bed still puzzled. He was roused from sleep by the telephone. Widow Jones's nearest neighbour, who lived a mile from the creek, was calling.

"Widow Jones has knocked us up, Corporal. She wants to speak to you."

"Corporal Morgan!" came the woman's frightened voice. "Little Joe and Rex are gone! They've run away!"

Tim caught his breath in dismay.

"Don't worry, ma'm! I'll be right over!" he rapped.

What has happened to Little Joe and his pal Rex? See next week's final instalment of this story.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Travels of Thomasina Toad

ONE mild night in very early spring, when a damp west wind was full of the scent of growing things, Thomasina Toad woke up. She had spent the winter in a snug little hollow beneath some stones, and now she poked her nose out, and sniffed.

"Just the night to look for it!" she said.

"Look for what?" asked a passing Fieldmouse.

"Aha! That's my secret!" said Thomasina.

Off she went, hoppity-hop, till she came to a brook. The water was rushing along, splashing and dashing to get to the river. Thomasina listened to its wild and noisy song, and then she shook her head.

"This won't do," she said. So back she travelled to her snug little hollow and went to sleep.

The next night was mild and damp, too. "Just the night to look for it," she said again.

"Look for what?" asked a passing Peewit.

"Aha! That's my secret,"

said Thomasina. And off she went again, hoppity-hop, till she came to a shallow ditch. The water here was silent and still, but rusty tins and broken buckets were dotted about in it.

"This won't do either," she said. And back she travelled to her snug little hollow and went to sleep.

The third night was mild and damp also. "This must be the night to look for it!" said Thomasina.

"Look for what?" asked a passing Vole.

"Aha! That's my secret!" she said. And off she went, hoppity-hop, till she came to a sheltered pond. Duckweed and cresses grew there, and the water was still and deep.

"This will do," she cried. And in she hopped.

If the Fieldmouse, and the Peewit, and the Vole had been watching they would have discovered her secret then. For here, presently, she laid her eggs. She knew they would hatch safely into tadpoles among the weeds and cresses in the still deep water.

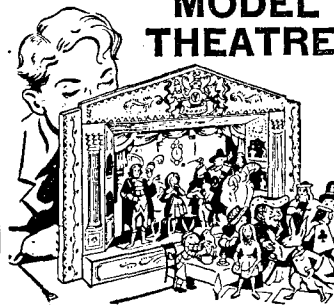
JANE THORNICROFT



The Children's Newspaper, March 18, 1950

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The Children's Newspaper, March 18, 1950

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CLAUDIUS OF COLCHESTER

We can see today in London a work of art which is possibly associated with Queen Boadicea's fierce rebellion against the Romans in A.D. 61. It is one of the finest specimens of Roman art ever found in this country, a beautiful bronze head, life-size, which has been lent to the British Museum for six months by its owner, Mrs D. Hollond of Saxmundham, Norfolk.

The head is thought to represent that of Claudius, Britain's first Roman Emperor, and as the edges at the base of the neck are jagged, it appears to have been severed from a complete statue of the emperor.

Some historians think that this statue stood in the Roman temple at Colchester, and that Boadicea's rebels, when they sacked that town, tore the head from the statue of the hated emperor and, as they returned to their homes in Norfolk, contemptuously threw it away.

This striking portrait was found in the River Alde at Rendham in Norfolk in 1907.

Teaching the Island Peoples

An all-out attack is to be made on the mass illiteracy on many of the islands of the South Pacific. The governments of Australia, France, Netherlands, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, and the United States are to use the latest techniques in an attempt to teach the native peoples to read and write.

Already they have learnt the value of visual aids, particularly films and film-strips. Now experts are investigating the best means for developing the widespread use of these aids by suiting them to the culture and way of life of the natives.

Later they will examine the part which wireless broadcasting will play. They are also studying the methods at present being tried out in the Philippines, Jamaica, Northern Rhodesia, and India.

All this good work is in the hands of the South Pacific Commission which has been set up by the six governments to enable them to co-operate in advancing the economic and social welfare of the natives under their care.

WING-TIP CARGO

RADIO-ACTIVE isotopes produced at Harwell Atomic Research station are not at all the sort of things we would care to carry around in our pockets. Such radio-active products can, indeed, be most injurious, and considerable precautions have to be observed in sending them abroad.

In the past they have been carried in heavy lead containers in large boxes. Recently, however, a method of sending them by air in the wing-tips of large planes has been discovered. In this way a consignment of radio-active sodium was sent to South Africa without the use of heavy lead containers.

It was found that radio-active contamination does not spread from the fuselage of the aircraft from the dangerous material in the wing-tips. The cost of transporting the valuable substance has thus been greatly reduced.

Longer Life For Ships

SHIPS will be given a new lease of life as a result of a simple Canadian invention consisting of small bars of magnesium bolted to the hull. It has been discovered that this prevents corrosion of the plates and propeller blades.

Scientists of Canada's Defence Research Board are responsible for the device which is expected to save the Royal Canadian Navy, the Merchant Navy, and the fishing fleets millions of pounds a year.

Tests show that the magnesium bar produces a chemical reaction with the steel hull in salt water and sets up an electric current which stops ionisation, or corrosion. Some ships were tested with the device for 15 months, and at the end of that period showed no sign of corrosion, though the magnesium bars were worn out.

The little magnesium money-saver has already been fitted to Canada's giant aircraft carrier Magnificent, and similar devices are soon to be used by the United States Navy and by private shipping firms.

The Sea Hare Pays a Visit

Two queer creatures called "sea-hares," which are species of sea slugs, have been caught off the South Devon coast. They are described in the Journal of the Marine Biological Association. One of them has never before been found in British waters; it is nine inches long and dark purple in colour.

Sea-hares are warm-water dwellers. One of them has lived for three weeks after capture, but the other only two days.

The sea-hare is so called because it looks like a crouching hare. It has a thin shell and can not only creep about on the seabed but can also swim by flapping muscles on either side of its body up and down. It protects itself from enemies by its unpleasant smell, and by discharging a purple fluid round itself as a kind of underwater "smoke-screen."

The Glory That Was Greece

PART of the money going to Greece through Marshall Aid is to be used to restore the Stoa in Athens; and it will then become a museum displaying the history and development of Greece through the centuries. The Stoa, with its long pillared arcades for shopping and walking, was built about 600 B.C. and stood for some 400 years, when it was fired by barbarians from the Danube. Many of the valuable remains found in Athens by the American School of Classical Studies will find a worthy setting there—pottery, weapons, ornaments, and statuary.

YOUTH TO YOUTH

To encourage young people to attend church the Youth Council of the London Congregational Union are sponsoring teams of teenagers who are to conduct the services in Congregational churches in London.

There will be four members in each team and they will meet beforehand to discuss the service.

BIRO PENS

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Biroette and Biro Minor ballpoint pens are of special interest to all scholars. They make the taking of notes, the working out of problems and all other writing quicker and simpler. Biro pens write smoothly and easily and the ink dries as it writes.

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THE BRAN TUB

Room Vacant

THE city dweller was staying on the farm.

"It's a strange thing," he said to the farmer, "but that old pig keeps trying to come into my room. He must have taken a fancy to me."

"Oh, it's not that," replied the farmer. "That used to be his room before you came."

Hidden Insects

In the following verse the names of seven insects are concealed.

JOHN led our party on the hike—
He lived near Wigan, up in Lancs.
Gruffly he spoke; yet, there's no doubt
We owed him our most grateful thanks.
The walk was pleasant. There, around,
Was shining Nature. It was hot.
There had been some discussions, too.
From others one can learn a lot.

Answer next week

RODDY



"Is that where I used to play when I was little, Mummie?"

A Midget

BILLY had received a small puppy for a birthday present and was showing it to his friend.

"Do you call that a little one?" said the friend. "Why, I've got one at home that's as little as two of him."

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The breezy day had inspired Jacko to construct a grand wind-yacht.

Farmer Gray Explains

The Norfolk Plover. Over the ploughed field great flocks of black-and-white birds wheeled in ceaseless flight.

"Pee-wit, pee-wit!" their cries echoed again and again.

"They are plovers or peewits," Don told Ann, his young sister. "I wonder if any of them are 'Norfolk Plovers'?"

"No, Don," said Farmer Gray, overhearing the remark. "Norfolk plover is merely another name for the stone curlew, quite a different species of bird. Stone curlews are bigger than plovers, but far less conspicuous. Their plumage is a light reddish brown, streaked with dark brown. This colouring usually blends with their surroundings. They are summer visitors and seldom seen during winter."

Making a Name

JACK: Teacher says he feels sure that I shall go down in history...

Father (showing signs of interest): Well, that's fine, my boy.

Jack: But he thinks I should do better in maths, geography, and English.

Flowers of Spring

WHEN Master Jim rose,
He saw a primrose.

When Jim awoke us,
We saw a crocus;

And, down the hill,
A daffodil.

A fair narcissus
Sought to miss us.

Beside a plinth
A hyacinth

We chanced to heed.
Twas spring, indeed!

Jacko Gets the Wind-Up



And with Baby aboard they set off in search of adventure.

Easy (50) as A B C (6)

GIVING the letters of the alphabet the numbers 1 to 26 (A being 1 and Z 26, of course), see if you can find 4-letter words which add up to the values shown in brackets.

Grow Dim. (16).

Famous German composer. (14).

Chief. (18).

Commanded. (12).

Mythological river of death. (83).

Lively. (78).

Places. (76).

Plays. (79).

Answer next week

Spick and Span

THE most likely origin of this well-known phrase is extremely interesting, for it suggests that "spick and span" in its earliest use referred to a new ship.

Spick meant a spike (or nail) and span a chip (or piece) of wood cut from a larger piece. "Spick and span new" was the original phrase, and it meant that every part of the ship was new.

Hotch-Potch

THERE was a young lady named Bish

Who invented a new kind of dish
Made of honey and teazels,
Three stoats and two weasels,
Served hot with ice-cream and fried fish.

The Difference

MOTORIST: I certainly was not speeding although I may have been travelling at more than thirty miles an hour.

Magistrate: I'll accept your explanation, and instead of fining you two pounds I'll make it forty shillings.

Riddle-My-Name

MY first is in reap but not sow;

My second's in arrow and bow;

My third is in big, not in large;

My fourth is in lighter, not barge;

My last is in throng but not herd;

A boy who is also a bird.

Answer next week

The Soya Bean

FOR thousands of years the soya bean has been one of the staple foods in China. It can grow in any climate, and research has revealed that it can be used in many ways.

Among many things that can be produced from the soya bean are flour, glue, soap, paint, fertiliser, candles, coffee substitute, celluloid substitute, cooking fats, breakfast foods, glycerine, linoleum, and water-proofing material.

The Children's Newspaper is printed in England and published every Wednesday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Editorial Offices: John Carpenter House, John Carpenter Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription Rates: Inland and Abroad, 17s 4d for 12 months, 8s 8d for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs Gordon & Gotch, Ltd; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. March 18, 1950.

The Date

You will invariably catch a friend with this little hoax. Ask him to take a penny out of his pocket and, without showing it to you, note the date, and place the coin head upwards in the palm of his hand. Then inform him that you can tell the date.

Pretend to scrutinise the coin for a few moments, and then gravely tell him the actual day of the present month.

Last Week's Answers

Very Odd Numbers: There are 9—all the 2-figure numbers ending in 9

Riddle-My-Name
Anthony

Pat & Peter's
Pennies: Peter 8s
Patricia 4s (10s
silver and 2s copper)

PUT	OKAPI
ANAGRAM	M
TIME	LEAP
CC	MAINS
HOP	T DUB
ROUTS	NA
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O SOLDIER	
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